Rt. 8, Frederick, Md. 21701
7/12/75

Mr. Jeffrey Norman
Playboy
The Playboy Building
919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. 60611

Dear Jeff,

The position into which attitudes toward my work for the past decade has forced me is not an easy one.

I work an extraordinarily long day every day, have no income and try to avoid wastes of time and what can cause others to find excuses for having pre-existing prejudices against this work and against me.

It has not been five months since you and Jim McKinley were here. I waited a long time before even trying to find out what if any decision had been made by Playboy about Post Mortem. To date I have had no word from your or the magazine or the book affiliate.

About three weeks ago I spoke to Jim. He told me that the decision had been negative and that an alternative had evolved. It appears that I can be of some help if this alternative is to be pursued. Since then no word from anyone on anything.

At least twice before Jim told me of the negative decision I tried to phone you to learn if one had been reached and to obtain the return of the book if your people were not going for it. Neither call was returned. Two weeks ago I reached an assistant, explained my urgent need for the copy of the book, and was promised it immediately.

It has not arrived.

I have had need for it. Three other publications are considering proposals, all knowing the offer is not exclusive, and thanks to Playboy I have no copy to let anyone see.

Until Jim told me of the decision I could not honorably talk to anyone else.

Whatever you or anyone else may have in mind is not really material. What is material is what this has done to me. For more than four months I was precluded from doing anything. Since then I have nothing to show except documents. So as recently as twice in the past week I have been foreclosed again.

I don't think is right or necessary and I do know it has been hurtful.

Of course I have the master set. But it is not only that I can't afford to xerox it. It is also that I don't dare run risks with corrections falling off.

I regret having to write about this because you may resent it and because I did not work until 11:30 last night and start again at 5 this morning only to have to write unnecessary letters. (This schedule is not exceptional and at 62 it is neither easy nor wise.)

Will you please see to it that this book reaches me as fast as possible? The fastest way is by Greyhound. I've drive to the station for it. If it is too much trouble for you to get it to the bus station then will you please mail it?

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg